

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A. H. HATHEN, A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side

Reprints GOOD MORALS.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor



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FOOL PREACHERS AND
FOOL WOMEN

A gang of fool preachers and the
class of women that associate with
such cattle, are holding regular
church services to pray for the "con-
version" of Mayor Weaver of Phila-
delphia.

In the account of the proceedings
occurs the following:

At 11:25 A. M., a phone message
from Holy Trinity Church reached the
Mayor, saying the ministers meeting
there was untiring in prayer for the
Mayor, and asking if he desired to be
in communication by phone. The
Mayor acknowledged the courtesy of
the message, but said he was busily
engaged on public matters. Directors
Costello and Smyth were in the office.
The latter remained until 12:45.

Weaver ought to have sent around
some police wagons and hauled that
whole gang to the bug house.

Rev. J. Cordova of South River, N.
J., has again forsaken his family and
run off with his young choir singer,
Julia Browne.

DRUNKEN REV. BOB BURDETTE.
S. A. Smythe, of Los Angeles, Calif.,
writes to the Lexington "Ex-
aminer," as follows:

I send you a copy of the B. G. Blade,
of January 29, with a marked article
concerning the much talked of Bob
Burdette, who is one of the "Rev."
gangs.

This will show you what they are
when the mask has been lifted from
them.

If I had more editors like Charles
C. Moore, of the B. G. B., many of the
priests and preachers would soon have
to work for a living, or starve to death
and the church would be taxed as well
as the property of widows and or-
phans.

Fellow on the "Ellen N." road, com-
ing into Lexington took a lady's seat
and refused to give it up. Ed Corri-
gan, a race horse man, had him get
up. Fellow said, "I would resent that
if I were not a minister."

REV. BAKER

The Lexington Campbellite Preacher,
Has Mistrial, the Jury Hanging
Nine to Three in his Favor.

He is the Man Who Was Associated
With the Liar Zachary—Who is
Now Associated With the Liar
Wilkinson—in Publishing the
'Christian Quarterly.'

The Paper that Was Exposed by "The
Christian Standard," of Cincinnati
And Then Suppressed by the Govern-
ment.

The trial of Rev. J. H. Baker, the
Campbellite preacher, in Lexington,
resulted in a hung jury, three being
for conviction and nine for acquittal.
The Judge has not yet set the day up-
on which the nine jurymen are to be
hung. I hope it will be soon. I am
going to get a ticket to it when it is
"pulled off" and report it in full for the
Blade. It will be an enjoyable
function and I would rather see it
than to see Teddy inaugurated six
times. (Teddy, by the way, will be in-
augurated, dead also, one more time,
in four days from now. It will be done
by the Catholics being for two, and
a political party, nameless in this
paper, being against him—one push
and the other pull as it were; the
Catholics have got the pull on Teddy,
but they won't pull his teeth.)

I have not been to a hanging since
I was a newspaper reporter. For real
fine fun there's nothing except a camp
meeting and a circus that can lay it
over a hanging.

I am anticipating a great deal of
solid, heart-felt comfort, at the coming
hanging.

As they are to be hung for being
in favor of a preacher, the execution
will be of a religious nature, and I
would respectfully suggest to His
Honor, Judge Parker, that it would be
eminently fitting to hang them in
three bunches of three each, out of
respect to the doctrine of the trinity.

The three men that had the proper
qualifications for jurymen, were: Col.
R. H. Fitzhugh—I have known him
for 40 years, and never knew him to
have fits—who was the foreman, and
Brother Caesar Buchanan—you can't
pronounce it any more than a Russian
name; all good people call him Broth-
er Buck—and a man named Denton,
that I do not know or know about, ex-
cept that in this instance, he was in
good company.

I repeat here what I have several
times printed about old Col. Fitzhugh—
he is the only religious fanatic I
ever saw who is a good man. He will
get down on his knees and pray to an
Episcopal sky pilot just like an Irish-
man will pray to a plaster of Paris
Virgin Mary, but old Brother Fitz is a
good man for all that.

Brother Buck is a straight out old
be infidel and is a good friend to this
paper. He is acknowledged by all so-
ciety in Lexington, to be the best man
in the United States.

Baker is to be tried again, and it is
to be hoped that the next jury will
hang him. Instead of hanging himself,
but, honest injun, I don't think Baker's
robbing grown men, like he did, is one
half as bad as robbing foot women
and children like all the other sky-
buster in town do. But what Baker
did to them was a plenty. Baker ever-
lastingly bailed them—not any half-
baked either. He don't do things by
halves. He roasted 'em! Baker and
four other fellows put in \$50 each,
making a jack-pot of \$250. In a few
months—I believe three or four—
those four fellows drew out according
to the testimony, more than \$32,000
in which they had more than \$9,000 in
salaries—total over \$41,000.00 and
all they said to anybody was "You put
in \$1.00 and you can take out \$3.00,"
and fellows just rolled in their one
dollars, until the four could hardly
take in \$1.00 enough, and the fellows
that paid in the one dollar for three
were no better than Baker, who took
their money.

One of the men was a Dr. Taylor—
sawbones; not divinity—he was tried
two years ago and sentenced to the
penitentiary, but has been in jail ever
since. Baker's attorney saved him by
appealing to the jury to pity a man
70 years old, but Baker had plenty of
money, and was a Campbellite preach-

er, and that's a combine that's hard to
beat in Lexington.

Zachary was Baker's partner in pub-
lishing the "Christian Quarterly," and
Zachary was running a three to one
slot machine in Mt. Sterling, just like
the one that Baker was running in
Lexington, but Zachary couldn't make
anything because nobody was fool
enough to trust him.

I hope to God, that the next trial
they will hang Baker and Zachary
too.

THE KODACK SETTLERS
THE SCRIMMAGE.

Somebody or bodies, unknown to
me, sends me from Europe, a photo-
graph of God, and two of Eve. One
of the pictures of Eve represents her
as looking at the snake while the
snake has the apple in his mouth, and
in another one Eve has done took
the apple and looks sorter shamed
like. The picture of God represents
him with a lot of rays shooting out
from his head, and he has just finished
the earth and hung it out to dry, and
is just trying to "make the stars also."

Speaking of hanging out to dry "re-
minds me," as Lincoln used to say,
I saw, the other day, in a big
magazine, a picture called "The first
Monday." There was a clothes-line
tied from one palm tree to another,
and hanging on the line, were two big
fig leaves. If I would print that
picture in the Blade this United States
Court gang, down at Louisville, would
just foreclose that penitentiary con-
viction they have against me, for
printing "obscene literature," and
send me to the penitentiary again.

The pictures of God and Eve—
Evelyn is lots the best looking, and
it's nlp and tuck between God and
the snake—have evidently been taken
from life, and they are twice as nat-
ural life, and if Wilkinson—the
preacher liar I debated with in the
Indian Territory—gets one of those
photographs of God, I am afraid he

would knock me out, should, if I
should ever get to arguing about God
again, for I don't see how you are
going to have a photograph of a thing
unless there is such a thing, and if
that fellow should send me a photo-
graph of the Devil, evidently taken
from life, I would get skinned and go
preaching again.

The fine old painting of God, that
tells you about in "Dog Fennel" that
is at Bethlehem—the principal place
where Jesus was born, his other birth-
place being Nazareth, and his birthday
being all along, out among those peo-
ple, from December 25, to January 10
—looks a good deal like me, except
that it don't wear spectacles and is
only that God's nose is redder than
mine. He not being a Prohibitionist,
and the picture of God at Bethlehem
has a suit of hair on him that shows
up all right beside mine, but the pic-
ture of God that some body is sending
me now represents him as being as
bald as a billiard ball, or old Bob In-
gersoll.

It is, I suppose, because the picture
of God at Bethlehem was taken when
he was younger than he is now, but
in the fix that the old gentleman is in
now: I don't believe the "Three Sis-
ter Hair Restorative" would do him a
durned bit of good, but the style of his
hair is all right for heaven, because
"there is no parting there."

God's latest photograph has a wart
on the side of his right eye, but, like
old Oliver Cromwell, he didn't want
to hide anything, and so he told the
fellow with the kodak just to bang
away, and snatch his mug, wart and
all, and what that kodak fellow told
for him was a plenty.

God looks mighty bad, though—
looks like Abbott and Savage—had
mighty high knocked him out.

It's cowardly in Abbott and Minot J.
to both jump on one old fellow at the
same time.

If I was God, I would knock hell out
of both of them with a sky-blue streak
of lightning.

MILLIONAIRE WOMAN
SENDS FOR THE BLADE.

A woman whose wealth I think is
reported as high as a million, and who
is a large real estate owner in two
large cities has sent a subscription for
the Blade, with very high compliments
to me.

She is about 65 years old, is an Epis-
copalian and has been a society lead-

SCIENTIST

PRODUCES LIFE BY CHEMISTRY

Dr. Leob, of University of California,
Announces He Has Done It—
Sea Urchin Experiment.

University of California, Feb. 28, 05.
Extraordinary results have attended
recent experiments of Dr. Jacques
Leob, of the University of California,
who has been delving deep into the
mysteries of life.

He announces, without reservation,
that his experiments have produced
most surprising results, which involve
the production, by artificial means, of
sexual fertilization in the eggs of sea
urchins, a consummation long sought,
but hitherto not attained in any such
manner as through the most recent
experiments of Dr. Leob.

At the conclusion of a long state-
ment regarding his work, Dr. Leob
says:

"It is obvious that we are now able
to initiate the process of sexual fer-
tilization in the egg of the sea urchin
completely and in all its essential fea-
tures by purely physical and chemical
means."

In twenty-five years from now a
first-class chemist can take some mud
and make a man out of it, and the
man would be named Mud either, but
account of the great religious revival
which seems now to be going on over
a great part of the Christian country.
The North American is a fine large
paper and I suppose is fairly accurate
in its statements.

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

A copy of the Philadelphia
American, of February 29, had come
in my mail and, in it, I was reading an
account of the great religious revival
which seems now to be going on over
a great part of the Christian country.

The North American is a fine large
paper and I suppose is fairly accurate
in its statements.

It says that there was just such a
revival as this 25 years ago, and says
these revivals occur in cycles of 25
years—a kind of tricycle, at it were.

The figures represent the age of Jes-
us and are suggestive of the trinity,
but I reckon the cycle part of it is
only another instance of the common
error of drawing general conclusions
from too limited data.

It seems doubtless true, however,
that an extraordinary religious ex-
citation has pervaded the cities,
though it seems not to have extended
to us who live in the country.

I read in the papers of special prayers
being made by whole cities for certain
men whose names are published in
the papers.

If anybody has prayed for me I
have not been informed of it and in
the absence of such information, I am
not able to discover and change in my
attitude toward the Christian religion.

This revival has also been prevail-
ing in Lexington, and the papers re-
port that there have been many con-
versions. No names are printed.

There seems to be only one single
thing that any body can do in Lex-
ington, that does not get one's name
in the Lexington newspapers, and
that is joining the church.

I hardly ever go to Lexington, any-
way, and I just made up my mind that
I would not go into town to see about
the revival until I heard that Hon.
Moses Kaufman or Judge Watt Par-
son, or Mayor Combs or editor Sam
Roberts or C. Bachmann had joined,
and I thought in that event, I would
go in and ask them how they felt,
and if they would advise me to try it
on, and see if I could borrow \$5.00
from them any easier than I could be-
fore; but I have never heard of the
conversion of any of that gang and I
suppose that nothing short of some-
thing like that, will ever arrest me
in my Godless career. I have, though,
been arrested a good many times, but
it was always by some kind of an of-
ficer.

In all the conversions that are re-
ported to have occurred in Lexington
there is only one whose name I have
heard. I was one of my little neigh-

bor girls, who is going to school in
Lexington.

She is not remarkable any way,
but has been a nice young girl up to
this time, and, doubtless, will continue
to be.

She joined the Campbellite church
As I write this the Rev. J. H. Baker,
of that church is being tried for steal-
ing \$500,000 showing that in Lexing-
ton, at least, religion and morality do
not make close connection. In the
North American there was a story of
preachers who were telling what they
thought about the great revival, and
it was occurring to me that with the
immense number of converts to Chris-
tianity, among the list being 6500 for
Louisville, there ought to be a man-
ifest charge for the better, in the mor-
als of our country, if Christianity is
a moralizing institution.

While reasoning thus to myself I
struck one that read as follows:

"The Spirit of God is among the
people," the Rev. Dr. B. L. Whitman
said, "I find my church filled with peo-
ple unexpectedly at night, and I join
with them in hymns and prayers.

There were twenty-nine conversions
in my church on Sunday. The agen-
cies of evil are at work the same as
ever, but the true Spirit of Christianity is
here, and it is triumphant."

"That, as I understood it, says that
"the Spirit of God is among the peo-
ple," and that "the true Spirit of
Christianity is here and it is triumphant,"
but, all the same, "the agen-
cies of evil are at work the same as
ever," and the fact that this Spirit of
God is here among us, and that the
Spirit of Christianity is here and tri-
umphant, is not expected to keep a
preacher from stealing \$500,000 any
more than if this Spirit of God and
triumphant Spirit of Christianity had
never gotten here.

The conclusion then seems to be
that Christianity is not expected to
moralize people, but simply to keep
them from going to hell, which is
said to be an extremely unpleasant
place, and instead of that to go to
hell, which, from all accounts, is
a delightful place to be and, if Chris-
tianity accomplishes this, of course, it
is a good scheme, but, in the mean-
time, as long as we are here on this
earth, and a preacher is around where
you have any money, you can just
watch your pocket book the same as
you did before the great religious re-
vival got here.

THE ROME BOOK.

I wish to inform subscribers that
work on the book is progressing slow-
ly just now. As I cannot afford to
neglect my practice, and as this is
my very busiest season, I cannot
make much headway at present. Be-
sides, I have enough Liberal corres-
pondence, to require the work of a
private secretary. I greatly regret
that I am unable to give more than
a third of this correspondence, my at-
tention. I have letters asking me to
investigate business firms, medical com-
panies, land-titles, and other court-
house records, and many other like
requests.

Nothing would give me more plea-
sure, than to sit down and write a long
personal letter to all the friends who
write me; but it must be apparent to
you all, that I would have time for
little else, and I have to live. I have
a drawer full of letters, a thousand, per-
haps, that I have laid aside in my hur-
ry, to answer some time. That I have
been able to do it, is more of a dis-
appointment to me than to my friends
and I hope they will consider the cir-
cumstances, and not feel hurt at my
seeming indifference. I hope the time
will come, when we will have an or-
ganization, able to support officials,
who can give their whole time to the
office. Then we can build up, and
keep up organization. I had hoped to
have the book almost ready for press
by this time, but have been too busy
in my practice and other matters to
do it. I have to have leisure to give
my best thoughts to it, and have been
advised by friends to take my time,
and do it right. I will endeavor to
have it ready by June first. J. B. W.

African Methodist Episcopal church
in New York City fell down and killed
13 niggers. Unlucky number—10
women, 1 child and two men. Women
always get the hot end of it.

Rev. C. F. Barrett and the Elks in
Louisville, are causing one another
Elks say they can't Barrett.

HARD HEARTED COPS

Didn't Believe the Lord Told Rev.
Mr. Caier to Beat his Wife.

Indianapolis, Ind., February 14.—
While eating lunch to-day Rev. E. T.
Caier grew angry at the way his food
was prepared and forthly expressed
his opinion by shying a skillet at his
wife. To emphasize his feelings he
kicked a chair from under his mother-
in-law. The neighbors notified the po-
lice. When the patrolmen arrived
they found Caier at prayer. He said
that the Lord had asked him to whip
his wife, but his excuse did not go
with the police. He then said that
he had misconstrued the message.

These cops are entirely too fly. It's
a poor country for liberty where a
man can't care his own dear wife
with a skillet. I don't want any Con-
necticut "blue laws" in mine.

"THE HELL BOX."

The real name of Rev. J. D. Wood-
ward, just sent to the penitentiary,
from Commerce, Ga., for having five
wives, all at once, turns out to be J.
D. Glen, and our Brother, S. A. Glen,
of Royston, Ga., wants it understood
that the "Rev." is none of his peo-
ple.

At New Albany Ind., the sky-pilots
of the other churches all jump onto
Rev. Dr. S. M. Martin, Campbellite,
because he would not play pretty at a
recent revival. Reckon Martin is a
bird.

Rev. Shipman, of New York City,
formerly of Lexington, is dead—ap-
oplexy. He was an Episcopal Mid-
shipman.

Six thousand lined Mt. Louisville 25,
60 at anonth place, 500 at another,
3000 on Fentecost. Strange how they
root even numbers!

Rev. P. H. Rings of Kensington, N.

He wants to leave "love and obey" out
of the splicing ceremony.

Rev. William H. Lunkemeier of the
Methodist church, Louisville scratched
his hand on his suspender buckle,
on Sunday morning and died from it
is a short time.

A twenty thousand dollar library
building by Andrew Carnegie for old
Bethany is good news—Pan Handle
News.

That's my alma mater.

Kishneff, Bessarabia, Feb. 24.—The
trial of thirty-one Christians, accused
of murdering Jews during the anti-
Semitic Riots, was concluded to-day
with the acquittal of nine of the de-
fendants while twenty-two were sen-
tenced to a month's imprisonment.

At Louisville, Rev. W. H. Ramsey,
and Rev. Dr. J. P. Calhoun are causing
cut each other over their religion.

On February sixth the Rev. Martin
McFarland, pastor of the Christian
church at Granite City, Ill., was found
hanging by a rope about his neck to
a rafter in his home. He had commit-
ted suicide. His death was nearly
contemporary with the sermon of the
Rev. Frank Talnage, in which it was
charged that Infidelity, Atheism, and
Agnosticism are the parents of sui-
cide; and yet the Rev. Mr. McFarland
was orthodox.—Truth Seeker.

Well, that's a new one on me. I
never expected to live to see the day
when a Campbellite preacher would
have enough conscience to go and
hang himself. I am going to try never
again to say that I never heard of an
organization, able to support officials,
who can give their whole time to the
office. Then we can build up, and
keep up organization. I had hoped to
have the book almost ready for press
by this time, but have been too busy
in my practice and other matters to
do it. I have to have leisure to give
my best thoughts to it, and have been
advised by friends to take my time,
and do it right. I will endeavor to
have it ready by June first. J. B. W.

Bravo Martin!

"The Sun do Move."

You will see in another column of
the paper where there is 2,000 of our
subscribers behind. We are in sore
need of funds, and while one sub-
scriber is not much, when it comes
to over 2,000 it makes a big hole in
our receipts. But to those who are
not willing to renew, we hope they
will do us the kindness to notify us
to that effect by mail, so that we may
know who are to continue sending the
Blade to them. When we are willing
to lose from \$10 to \$25 a week on the
publication of this paper you ought to
be willing to help by paying your sub-
scription and getting a few new sub-
scribers.

"D. D."

By the Peculiar Name of Smith,
Writes me a Scatter Brain
Letter.

He Don't Know Where he is "At."
I have gotten a letter from a preacher. I don't know whether he is drunk, or it's just the ordinary imbecility of "the cloth." I print the best of it, if there's any best to it, and put small galaxies of stars where I leave out—principally Bible quotations. He means along thusly:
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—I have been reading your paper, the Blue Grass Blade, taken by a member of my grand-daughter's family, and I understand that you are a preacher who boasts of having turned infidel and you seem to believe that all preachers are hypocrites and liars, and you even say that you hate preachers and call them your enemies.

Have you not made them so?
Your language is that of a profane uneducated person, and yet you profess to be publishing a paper in the interest of good morals. Perhaps you will say it is none of your readers' business what you publish in your paper, and that you are publishing it for your own amusement. I will say I cannot agree with those sentiments, for if the readers pay the price of good reading, which professes to be for the improvement of morals, the readers should not be denied the right to judge as to what constitutes morality.

Had you spent the time in rational study that you spent in searching for relics of a religion which you did not believe in, you might now, instead of calling yourself an infidel, be instructing your readers as to the true meaning of the book which you seem, now, to thoroughly hate.

I do not know what sort of brains the people of Kentucky have, but, up here, in Minnesota, some of us know that we need not believe, literally, the story of creation, nor that the licentious old kings, priests and other Lord Gods of the Old Testament were holy men.

The writers of that book did not intend that we should, nor yet that the death of a crucified man could ever save the world from sin or its consequences, in order to call ourselves Christians.

We understand that the creation meant simply the making of mental and physical conditions, which * * * as the book (Bible) has been somewhat spoiled by transportation and the introduction of some language much better left out, which serves, however, to show more clearly what unholiness men the old Lord Gods were, not unlike some of their descendants of to-day.

To us the Garden of Eden was, and is, but the cultivation of social, political and religious conditions * * * the tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the use and abuse of the privilege of fatherhood and motherhood * * * and Adam fell a prey to suggestion.

The serpent was the lying priest who seduced the young woman who went to confession * * * .

If you infidels are not careful we shall surpass you in our renunciation of orthodox creeds, for we can find moral teachings in the Bible in despite (?) of the creeds of the infidels.—URICH SMITH, D. D.

Markville, Minn. Feb. 21, 05.
P. R.—I hope that you will not reject this article because I am a clergyman, as I would like you to publish it.—U. S.

Yes, and a hell of a "clergyman" you are!
Old man, let me give you a little Dutch Uncle talk.

You want any fee in theology, but so to Lake Superior, and cut a hole in the ice on it, and soak your head, until your brain—or the place where it ought to be—cools off, and don't drink any more of that Minnesota whisky, until you can walk a crack in your floor, and then write me and let me know which side of this plous big you are on—infidel or Christian—and may be I can print your letter without so much astronomy in it.

But for God's sake don't drink any more of that Minnesota whisky. They make it out of rotten potatoes and it will also kill you. Send to Kentucky and get you a barrel.

MY "CRANKY IDEAS" ABOUT LIQUOR SUIT HIM.
Emanuel, Ky., Feb. 20, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear sir—Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew my subscription to the Blade. I have no suggestions to make as to how you shall run the Blade, it suits me the way it is cutting. I get several papers of various kinds, but the

Blade is the only one I take time to read, though your cranky ideas about liquor suit me.

The other day among a crowd in my office, was an old toper. Some church members who were present were teasing him, but he defended himself most ably, citing several good Old Bible characters, who had taken a wee drop, and wound up by saying that Solomon had suggested that we eat and drink and that Paul had said, "Take a little drink for your stomach's sake." He silenced the crowd because they could not answer this argument, but I told him that those old rascals ought to be hung.—EMMET JOYNER.

There are more encouraging letters now coming to me from Kentucky than I have ever had to this time. Sometimes a prophet has honor in his own country.

ABOUT KIDDER'S "VIRGIN MARY."

Carlisle, Ark., Feb. 23, 05.
Mr. Moore.

Dear sir and Brother—Brother L. P. Arnold and myself had an argument regarding the cause of your going to Columbus to board with Uncle Sam.

He said it was because of the "Virgin Mary" article, and I said it was not, and I stated that you were in Columbus at the time it was first published in the Blade.

Please decide and oblige, your friend.—THOMAS ELLIS.

The Virgin Mary was printed first in the Blade, when I was in the penitentiary. I never knew what the charge against me was.

I was put to work in writing, for if the readers pay the price of good reading, which professes to be for the improvement of morals, the readers should not be denied the right to judge as to what constitutes morality.

I got that card from the Secretary's office every week. There were about 20 sent there the week I was. All of the names, except mine, had the crime printed after it. There was no charge printed after mine and my name was the only one of which that was true that I saw while I was there. I had access to the Secretary's book where all the names of all the prisoners and crimes for which they had been convicted were recorded.

I looked in that book once to see what charge there was against me and there was none.

I examined several hundred names and found only one other that had no charge opposite it.

I was asked what it meant and I do not know, any more than you do what I saw while I was there.

If the court that seemed to be drunk—charged me with anything I do not know it.

The Prosecuting Attorney, Bundy, died with delirium tremens at the Denison House, in Cincinnati, on the day that I stopped at that hotel on my way to Indianapolis, to celebrate the birthday of Bob Ingersoll.

The "press" is mightier than the sword, and some cheese is milder than the sword.

"Virgin Mary," for sale at this office price ten cents.

Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 19, 05.
Rt. Rev. Brother Moore.

I received "The Virgin Mary" all O. K., and as I have been reading the Blade to my family this morning have come to the conclusion that it is growing better continually. I very much enjoyed the letter written by the gentleman whose signature was not attached to the article written by him. I very much regret that we shall receive no more of the cartoons of the master mind, who has passed over the Great Divide. In spite of the narrow bigotry existing in this city I have, as a member of the Board of Education, placed Thomas Paine's complete works in the public library, had it catalogued and announced the fact to my friends, and there is already a demand for it. I intended placing Ingersoll's complete works therein also.

I should very much like to place "Dog Fennel" in the library and may be able to do so unless I encounter too much opposition; Ingersoll's works, however, must be placed if the heavens fall.

Wishing you unbounded success, and hoping your shadow may never grow less, I am,—GEORGE GATH.

See Be, Arkansas, Feb. 22, 05.
Dear Brother Moore. Have been sick for several weeks—barely able to write with pencil now.

Seventy three years old and my long enfeebled condition leaves but a narrow margin to hope for recovery. Should enclosed manuscript be accepted please send down Blade and bill and I or my wife, will remit.

You have fought a good fight against great odds—bearded the lion in his den. Hope in the wind up, you will look back over a long life feeling

as calm and free from fear as I do now. I expect to die believing that right living is the only true religion.

Good bye, and may the best ever be yours.—A. B. BENNETT.

His splendid letter will be in full in the Blade, and one day, I hope, old friends are dying. It's all right; I am ready when my time comes, and I am proud and glad that I have lived, as I have.

EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.

Massachusetts Ex-Quaker, Likes "Quakerace."

Clinton, Mass. Feb. 25, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Dear friend and Brother—Enclosed please find 50 cents for pay for my Blade six months longer.

You may wonder why I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar. The reason is I don't send a dollar.

I was born September 1, 1821, so I am 84 years old and when you arrive at that age you may do no better than I do.

I was born and brought up a Quaker, and the name of your home and farm seems dear to me. The Friends' principles have been dear to me. I remained a member of the Society until I married a wife out of the Society, and then I left it. When I was old enough to think for myself, I severed their orthodox religion, and I never seen anything to make me again believe it.

For the past thirty years I have been a spiritualist. I have voted with the temperance party for many years. I commenced taking the Blade soon after you commenced its publication.

I was led to do this on account of its temperance. I have not seen much of late, in it, in regard to total abstinence, but I think you are as strong in favor of it as when you commenced the paper.

You cant say anything about the Bible, the churches and the ministers, to which I do not say Amen. I was an Abolitionist, and I judge, from what you say in the Blade that you were opposed to slavery.

I would rather have seen slavery abolished some other way. The money spent in the war would have paid for all the slaves many times over.

Do not believe in war. After spending lots of money and taking lots of lives then they settle by arbitration. I have been anxious to read "Dog Fennel," and thought my desire was accomplished. Samuel Andrews, of Boston, commenced writing it.

But the same time that I did, you prized it highly, told me he was going to buy the book and that I should have it to read.

He passed away the last of last August and had never bought the book. I have always been interested in the writings of Dr. Wilson, and Mrs. Henry, and other female writers.

I believe that female suffrage will come in time, with other good things. At my age I cannot look for many months more. If I live six months I will forward again.

I am unable to do anything to make money and my funds are about played out. But it is no disgrace to be poor. I would rather be poor and honest, than to have funds that belong to some one else. I hope to be able to take the Blade as long as I live, if I am able to read it.—PLINY B. SOUTHWICK.

A WOMAN.

On Poetry, Cussin, Sankey, Snakes, Apples, etc.

Blue Earth, Minn. Feb. 21, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—I send verses that were and print them, if you see fit to do so.

I also send a clipping for you to comment on, if you see anything in it worth the while. Old people, like you and me, can well remember the Ashabula disaster, and that Ira D. Sankey was one of its victims.

The Blade suits me all right. The words are a little strong, sometimes, but then the occasion demands it. The paper is well worth \$1.00 a year.—MRS. M. A. LEE.

The clipping is about Sankey, whom I had supposed dead away back 25 years ago.

Sankey played Sanco Panza to Moody's Don Quixote.

Moody preached and Sankey did the singing. I remember the horrible Ashabula disaster, but had forgotten I sang in it. I knew at the time, that Sankey was hurt there. It seems that the poor man, now 85 years old, who, with Moody, converted to Christianity more people than any other couple ever in America, has for years and years been in a most horrible shape; being reduced in weight from 260 pounds, to 90 pounds. It is only one of the thousands and thousands of cases where "God" brings most marked suffering upon those who have been the great

est promoters of the Christian religion. The account of poor Sankey's long suffering is pitiful. I wish I could help him.

The poetry is as follows:

When this old shaggy word of ours, was moulded in a heap,
The water on the surface ran adown the mighty steep,
And when the thing had cooled off according to the plan,
The Spirit said unto itself, "I Guess I'll make a man."

The Spirit went to work and made a man of sticks and dirt,
But Adam didn't care a cuss, he went around a roamin',
Until the Spirit told itself, "I Guess I'll make a woman."

Now, just to start a story, this Adam fell asleep,
And when he waked in evening did show he was a sinner,
And driving home the sheep, that night, He could not walk right steady,And when he stepped inside the door, his wife had supper ready.

Next morning, as the story goes, this Adam and his wife,
Both started out a looking for the wondrous tree of life,
And while they walked thus Adam was to his wife debatin',
And she they knew they met a chap whose surname was Old Satan.

Now Satan was a slippery cuss, with countenance all dirt,
The way he talked to Adam's wife did show he was a sinner,
And as conversation, I'll bet a good jack-knife
Old Satan says, "You'll desant to taste the tree of life."

Now as the female sex has proved to us, beyond a doubt,
The woman was the kind of stuff that couldn't be scared out,
And walking up as proudly as any woman could,
She ate a dozen apples and found that they were good.

That night was she a sad one, for Adam and his wife,
Both called a doctor and saved the woman's life,
And when the maid got better and all was going slick,
Old Adam said unto his wife, "What Caused You to Get Sick?"

"Well then," says she, "if you must know, you daisy of a beauty,
I ate some apples off of that forbidden fruit,
But then a bout the stomach ache, I do not mind the bother,
For Satan says that, from this day, I'll know as much as Father."

Next morning with the basket light ly swung up her arm,
Eve started for the orchard upon their little farm,
Arriving there quite early the dew was on the grass,
She gathered up a basket full to make some apple sass.

Back to the cottage she did trip before the sun had risen,
And there she found old Adam, tossing those feet of bison.
She set the basket on the bed, and picking up a pail,
She started off to milk the cow, a grazing in the dale.

As Adam sat a noddin', his attention was attracted,
Unto the way his little wife that morning thus had acted,
And looking then about the room, he noticed on the bed,
A basket of ripe apples, all bright and sweet and red.

Now Adam was a quiet man, he never made a blunder,
And by the time he had them eat, he felt as sick as thunder,
The Spirit then appeared to him, and Adam did groan,
And, just like any other man, he laid it all on Eve.

DEATH OF EX-MORMON BLADE MAN
Payson, Wash. Feb. 22, 05.
Editor Blue Grass Blade.

I write to inform you of the death of Chas. Long, one of your subscribers. He died at Payson, February 21, 05.

Mr. Long was born near Bristol, Kingswood, Gloucester, England, June 10, 1821. Was married in 1852. He was ever an earnest seeker after the truth. This led to his embracing the Mormon faith and coming to America in 1854. He left the Mormon church and for many years has been an ardent supporter of Free thought and has done much to advance the cause in his home town and elsewhere. He was an honest and upright citizen and will be sincerely mourned by his friends.—L. M. Miles.

Help spread Free thought by sending in a club of five subscribers.

INDIAN TERRITORY WOMAN

Reads The B. G. B. and "Dog Fennel" And They Have Not Hurt Her.—Also Tells About Wilkinson.

Reek, Ind. Ter., Feb. 23, 05.
Editor, Charles C. Moore.

Dear sir—My husband takes the Blue Grass Blade and he takes two or three other papers, but he thinks most of the Blade I know, because he reads it first. And I read the Blade some times.

I was reading "Dog Fennel" in the Blade, one day, and a lady friend of mine came to see me while I was reading the book.

I asked her what I was reading, and I told her the best I could. She said, "Oh, I would not be caught reading old faded books and papers, for anything, and if I had another interesting book, like "Dog Fennel" in the Blade, I would read it."

Well, I said nothing, but just thought I had a right to read and think as I pleased. I will be a little like Wilkeson—I will brag on myself because no one else will.

I was a good little creature and said nothing. I am no infidel, but I have read the Blue Grass Blade, and "Dog Fennel" in the Blade, and it did not kill me, any one else that I know of, and if I had another interesting book, like "Dog Fennel" in the Blade, I would read it.

There was a very nice young man came over a Sunday or two ago, a Mr. Spencer. My husband was reading the Blue Grass Blade. So he read to the young man what Wilkeson talked and then he read what Charles C. Moore had to say about Wilkeson. Then they both had a hearty laugh, and the young man said he wanted that paper to let brother Dooley, our preacher, read what Wilkeson said, and then what Moore had to say. I have never heard what Dooley had to say—don't know if he read it. I do not think it would hurt or injure any one to read and learn. LAURA SPENCER.

My debate with Wilkeson has far exceeded my antecedent expectations, and I want to make other engagements for debating.

MILLIONAIRE CLERGY

Takes Unto Himself a Bride at Palm Beach Today.

Palm Beach, Fla., Feb. 20.—The most notable wedding of the winter season at Palm Beach took place today, when Miss Gladys—Whitfield, of Baltimore, a relative of the great American painter of the same name, became the bride of the Rev. Richard Lewis Howell, known as the richest clergyman in the world. The wedding took place at the winter cottage of the bridegroom and was a function of great brilliance. The guests included prominent persons from Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and a number of other places.

Dr. Howell is fifty-one years old, while the bride has not yet reached her nineteenth year. Dr. Howell's first wife was Miss Mary T. Bush, of Pittsburg, and upon her death Dr. Howell inherited her large fortune, which has vastly increased under his management. A year ago he created a sensation by purchasing three of New York's most fashionable apartment houses for nearly \$5,000,000. He maintains home in Washington, Virginia, and Palm Beach and has a splendid steam yacht. He is a son of the late Andrew Howell, of Wheeling, W. Va. He has occupied pupils in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and several other cities, and at present is without a charge.

There is not, in the whole United States, or in the world, a preacher from the Pope down to Wilkeson, who would not get all of Dick's money if he could, and let him whistle for it, and yet the Bible says that a rich man is just as dead as to go to hell as a need is to go through the eye of a Campbellite—or words to that effect.

FROM A COUNTRY JUDGE.
Stemerville, Fla. Feb. 20, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Knowing you to be well versed in the Bible, and having some in the Old Bible, as well as I can recollect where John, one of God's anointed, had difficulty in taking a certain city, and punished them for holding out against him, and as it seemed to make his God smile, he would like some women who were advanced in pregnancy ripped open. Just refer to Chapter and verse in Bible.—A. C. Clark.

See 2, Kings VIII 12 and xv. 16, and x. 11, 17.

The man of any common sense who will read those passages and then say that the Bible is a good book, is a liar and a scoundrel and a villain and the government of the United States ought not to allow any

man, or woman to pervert the public morals, by teaching any such in famous stuff.

TWO THOUSAND.

Delinquent Subscribers for the Blade.

There are 2,000 subscribers to the Blade who are in arrears for the paper. We print 3,500 papers. Persons who do not know about such matters say out of the 2,000.

If Mr. Hughes should do that then we would only have 1,800 on our list, some at \$1.00 each and some in clubs at 50 cents each, and that much of a list would not pay the cost of the paper, and of course of the remaining 1,800 there would be a proportion who would not pay.

If we were to cut off 2,000, now, because they are not paid up, there would be among that 2,000 probably 500 who would have paid, if we had let the money go on and that would be a good many, who are good friends to the paper, who are behind in paying because they have not the money to pay and intend to pay. I get many letters begging me not to stop the money to them and many who have not paid at the right time send their money and thank me that the paper has not been discontinued to them.

I suppose that half the people who pay for the paper pay for the money was due. So that both sentiment and business sense would oppose cutting off the 2,000. You all understand that Mr. Hughes is exclusively interested in the financial part of the paper.

I have not a dollar in the world, and he depends upon his printing for his living. I do not believe it worth while to argue with those who owe the paper, or to beg them. There are, I suppose, among them, say 500 people of that 2,000 who would be glad to see the paper fall.

"ONE WORLD AT A TIME."

Walter, Ind., Feb. 21, 05.
Charles C. Moore.

Dear friend—I in the cause of sacred truth. I write to let you know that I still live. I am in the 89th year of my life. My health for 3 years, has been poor, but at present is improving. I sent you \$2.00 at the first of the year. I wish the spirit of sacred truth and demonstrated fact to predominate over priestcraft, and delusion. One world at a time is enough for me.—D. ENGLER.

KENNEWICK IRRIGATING CANAL, watering twenty thousand acres of land on the west bank of the Columbia river, is one of the newest and best irrigating propositions in the United States. It is the gateway of the Yakima Valley. The season is from two to three weeks earlier than the upper valley, and alfalfa, peaches, pears and all small fruits, such as strawberries, cantaloupes, etc.—the latter ripening very early—command the highest market price.

For descriptive pamphlets on the Yakima Valley, where land can still be had at a reasonable price, in a mild and healthful climate, and for information regarding land and business openings in other territory served by the Northern Pacific, ask for Series G 123.

Write to C. W. WOTT, Gen'l Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time.

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Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

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Full information as to routes and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis

INJUN TERRITORY.

Deposes on the "Gospel Searchlight," Zachary and Wilkinson.

Oscar, Indian Territory, Feb. 22, 05. Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find "Gospel Searchlight." I thought you ought to see it. I think Zachary has done you an injustice.

The picture that is begging you to quit and go home looks more like Wilkison with his legs and arms and coat flying—N. B. GRAYSON.

The first two letters in his name are Napoleon Bonaparte, but they call him "Bony" because he is the fattest man in the Indian Territory.

He and his family are the happiest and best people you ever went a short but delightful stay with and they call him "Bony" because he is the fattest man in the Indian Territory.

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days short of the time agreed upon, thus letting the infidel banner go down in glorious defeat.

Malicious and cruel calling you a "liar," and other bad names he has brought my name into his calumnious tirade of non-sense about you and seeks with malice aforethought to heap odium on me also. Having had

some perfect knowledge of all atheistic pubescent biped for a number of years, and having written a book called "Moore and Ingersoll Unmasked," I send you to supply the demand

created by this letter, I write the "Gospel Searchlight," and send you some cuts to show up this consummate fraud to your readers. Space in your paper is too valuable to devote much to this Blue Grass blatherite. Just tell your

readers to send a dime to the Searchlight office and get my book of over 100 pages unquaking the pretentious moralist of Quakerism and "Dog Fennel" District.

Then Zachary proceeds to show me up a dead beat, and a free-loader, then he comes down to the argument of his religion from which I take a specimen as follows:

"4. On the baseless assumption that man and the woman, the acorn and the tree, the hen and the egg, originated from an infinitesimal protoplasmic cell (A damsel and a dandy) billions of years ago is it more reasonable to believe in the evolution, or possibilities of such a damn cell, than to believe in the God of the Bible?"

I know there are some—perhaps many—good and sensible people, who think I am lowering myself to print such stuff from a man like Zachary, and they would be right if only Zachary was involved in this matter. But I am using Zachary like a fishing worm to get Wilkinson and Savage both on my hook. It's true that neither of those men are much, but they are about as much as the general run of Campbellite preachers.

I do not blame Zachary for the fact that he is not admitted to good society in Lexington, even in his own religious sect. That is a matter determined by birth and breeding and intellectual and moral attainments—things that Zachary cannot control. But it is a fact that at Bandana in Kentucky, Zachary has lately been prosecuted in a civil suit, for making immoral proposals to a white woman, who is a member of the Baptist church, and who was cook in the house where Zachary was visiting.

All the details of this, I have lately sent to the "Gospel Searchlight," and it is not merely possible that Wilkinson and Savage can be ignorant in this, or ignorant of Zachary's recent connection with the Mt. Sterling Investment Company, or his Georgia Gold Mining scheme, or his Armenian Missionary scheme, or his connection with Carrie Nation, or his scheme for a Prohibition fund in which 100,000 people are to send him one dollar each, and his buying the liquor for a dance, in a little tavern, of men and women, at Junction City, in Kentucky, all done during the time that he was a preacher, and leading Prohibitionist and so stated over his own name in the Lexington Leader, and now right out of the matter with the Baptist cook woman, at Bandana, in Kentucky, and possibly more of the same sort that I do not know about.

Of course no gentleman can afford to engage in any logomachy with such a man as Zachary, and even Wilkinson and Savage are game hardly worth the amusement of writing yet three men Zachary, Wilkinson and Savage are all doing business under the auspices of the Campbellite church, one of the toniest of the toniest things in Kentucky with its headquarters at Lexington, and that of which I don't care for such as these three, I can use them to show what low down, ignorant, depraved creatures, such aristocratic and heavy-weighted cocks McGarvey and Leavy of the Campbellite aristocracy in Lexington, are using to do the low down dirty work to which they would not descend, but from which they manage to scoop the shekels of the sanctuary into their own glad rags. I do not believe there is a Negro church in Lexington that would connive at one of its preachers printing in the paper of another preacher such language as Zachary here uses, even if I were admitted to be the most depraved man in Kentucky, instead of the grandson of the founder of the Campbellite church, and one ordained to its ministry by no less a man than Alexander Campbell, whose personal friendship and kindness I have enjoyed as no man now living has ever done, outside of his own immediate family, and whose son the eldest member of his family, Col. Alexander Campbell II, to-day my personal friend, who visits my home "Quakerism" the name of which the ignorant Zachary cannot spell because he can't spell Quaker.

"Good fact per aliam fact per se." A church that uses such preachers is no better than its agents.

CATHOLIC LIE.

About the Waxworks of Old Jo, and Melius, and Young J. H. G., in That Burning Philadelphia Church

Gets Another Nail into it by Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 7, 05.

Friend Moore. In last issue of the Blade I note your return to the images, "miraculously" saved in that fire—it was a theater with a museum attached not a church proper—that occurred in Philadelphia over 20 years ago.

The fact is substantial. It took place much as the Catholic editor said with this very essential difference, That side of the building was standing practically intact after the fire, and the dressed waxworks stood in niches far about the main point of the fire and on that side where wind and draught were prevented from carrying the heat.

I saw them there several times as I passed up Chestnut street, about Sixth street, and every one agreed with me that very natural causes clearly explained the result.

There was another black-eye administered to the faithful when they came to take the walls and those figures down. The contract was let to a Catholic, and judging by the rich brogue of his men, those figures were carefully handled in taking them down; but, nevertheless, every one was broken and entirely ruined in the burning.

The matter carries little weight, one way or the other, but get that Catholic editor to tell you where those images are now.—E. MURRAY-AARON.

I say that preachers and priests and religious editors are the biggest liars and greatest old rascal rascals on earth, and when I make up my mind to expose one I simply can on his trail until I "tree" him or run him to hole and have never failed on any yet. I have known Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron for some years. He is the editor of Cran's Atlas, the finest one in the world.

This is the first time I have heard from him since he lived in Washington City.

He subscribed for "5 copies of 'Dog Fennel in the Orient,' and sent \$15 in advance, and asked me to come and see him when I stopped, at my son's on my way to the Orient.

I stopped in Washington, did not go to see him, he got mad as the devil and vilified me like I was a preacher or a pick-pocket or something of that kind, and whether he ever sent that \$10 or got any "Dog Fennel" for the \$15 that he did send, I don't know and don't care. But any body who has sense enough to preach or carry a hod, or off-beat at a hog-killing can see that this brother of the high-priest name is telling the truth and I am not an infidel publisher who is afraid to give full addresses of people who write to me.

I am going to follow up this Catholic editor of Baltimore until I prove him just as big a liar as Zachary or Wilkinson, or Rucker.

I forget all the names of all the parties getting out and losing what lit the mind I ever had—but some damn fellow wrote from Philadelphia to a Chicago paper, giving an account of a religious miracle that had occurred in Philadelphia about 20 years ago. He said that a Catholic priest had burned down and destroyed everything in it except some wax figures of the "Holy Family," Joseph and Mary and young J. H. C. and that though iron pipes right close to this Beeeswax family had twisted—and I think melted—from the heat, it was a fact that neither Mr. Beeeswax, nor Mrs. Beeeswax, nor young Beeeswax were in the least damaged.

He stated that this fact was witnessed by thousands of people, and that finally the family of the Beeeswaxes was taken down and preserved and could be seen in Philadelphia at the day he wrote. Somebody sent me the clipping from the Chicago paper and I printed it in full and said, in comment that it was a lie—possibly I said a damn lie—and probably in that connection, mentioned the names of Ananias and Munchausen and Zachary—I may not have met Wilkinson at that time. Somebody sent what I had said about it to the editor of a Catholic paper in Baltimore, and that editor said that what the fellow had said to the Chicago paper was exactly true, as he (the editor) knew from having personally seen the Wax-family in the burned church.

But the general rule are pretty spry on the lie, but a religious editor is as big a liar as a preacher.

I asked through the Blade, for some one to trace out this thing and write me the facts about it, and a lady from Philadelphia, whose letter I published in the Blade, wrote me that she had taken my piece to that editor and showed it to him, but that all she could make him say or do was to grunt and shrug his shoulders.

And now Brother Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron is onto that lying editor again and you see what he says and you have Doe's address, but it will be a colder day than we have had this winter—about 75 below the goose egg—when you catch the geography Sawbones in a lie.

THE GOVERNMENT

Giving the Indian's land to the Catholics.

Great Falls, Mont., Feb. 7, 05. Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir and Brother—I enclose you clipping out of our local paper, and I wish I was able to write a comment on it, as you are.

This is no doubt, as big, if no bigger a land steal, as they are prosecuting now in Oregon.

Congressman Joe Dixon of Montana no doubt has gall, to present a bill to Congress to rob the citizens and owners of the land, of 1280 acres of a fine land as lies in Montana to give to a religious institution, no matter what creed they belong to, under the guise of education and charity—education to teach the young their religion, and charity to beg to build more churches, and a majority of Congress sanctions this steal.

Our Public School System ought to be good enough.

Why list not some of our wise men, in Congress introduce a bill to establish Free Schools in all Reservations, and our wards would learn more, and would be enlightened citizens.

This Flat Headed reservation has some of the best land in Montana, and will, likely, be thrown open next fall, but has to be saddled with these religious leaches.

It also shows that we have very few bright and patriotic men in congress who want to perpetuate the best government on earth, by keeping state and church separate.

What is to keep all other religious and uneducational institutions from asking the same favor, and our servants, at Washington, rob the people of their public domain and lord it over them?

All Congressmen who vote for such a steal of public lands, ought to be indicted with Senator Mitchell and Herman of Washington. I know out of this you can write a good article. Very likely when this land is opened for settlement, a poor man with a family will have to pay \$2.50 an acre for it.

Wishing you success I am Yours truly, CHARLES WEYNER.

"DOG FENNEL"

Loco, Ind. Ter. Feb. 7, 05. Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Dear Sir—Please push up my tag another year, for inclosed check.

In the Blade of January 26, you speak of the Devil and his wife. Where in the Bible do you find it?

My good old Baptist mother says it is not in the Bible. I have just read to her in the Revelations about the angel standing with one foot on the sea and one on the land, with a little book in his hand, and another angel told him to eat up the little book and it would be sweet as honey in his mouth and in his b—y, and she dropped her hands and said, "I don't understand it any more." She has had a change of heart, but I have not done it so.

I want to be bothered with any cold water and plunking harps when I die. I don't like harps, no how.

I don't want to go where there is (illegible) horses to ride and mules to plow.

I have read your book, "Dog Fennel." It is good, I sent my brother one to Oklahoma. He is much pleased with it also. Said he would read the Blade as long as he lived. I hope to meet you in a better world where I die.

—CHARLES F. KETCHUM.

P. S.—Mr. Moore: as I did not get my letter of yesterday, I will add a new man to your paper—W. C. Tharard, M. D., Loco, I. T., Find enclosed check for \$2.00.

WANTS ME TO START A POLITICAL PAPER.

New Sharon, Iowa, Feb. 23, 05. Editor Moore—Inclosed find \$1.00 for additional subscription for the B. G. B. I am 76 years old, was raised at a Habsite Quaker, but I cannot get along without the Blade.

Please continue sending the Blade to Levi McDowell, New Sharon, Iowa. He is an old man and at present unable to send his subscription to the Blade, but I think he will pay by my present subscription copies.

I suggest that you publish two papers the present size of the Blade, the additional paper to be specially edited for those who object to the style of the Blade.

I have written both papers. I also suggest that in the other paper you discuss politics and religion without be-

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OTTO WETTSTEIN

110 N. KENSINGTON AVENUE LA GRANGE, ILL.

any partisan or sectarian, and make an effort to interest Socialists, Free-thinkers, Spiritualists and the like in classes generally.—E. STANTON.

WANT A CRANK AND A MIXER.

What the Trustees of the Christian Church of Peoria Require in Candidates For Its Ministry.

Peoria, Ill., Feb. 27.—The trustees of the Christian church, a large and influential congregation in this city, met last night and decided that the pastor they called to fill their vacancy in their pulpit must not be over thirty-five years old, married, an evangelist, a lodge man, a mixer a crank and must be willing to assume the burdens of his flock.

Ashley J. Elliott, superintendent of the Illinois Car Service Association, who is chairman of the board, said today:

"It takes a crank and a mixer to move things and that's the kind of a preacher we want."

DECLINE OF MINISTRY.

Young Men Seeking Other Associations, Says President Harper.

Chicago, Feb. 23.—"College atmosphere of the average institution of learning of today is unfavorable to the origin and development of ministerial aspirations. Religion is practically ignored in the curriculum. This scientific spirit of the day, so strongly represented in the college, is not consistent with the religious spirit prevailing in the churches."

The foregoing statement was made by president William R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, in his latest report of the condition of the Midway School, written hurriedly before preparing for the operation for intestinal troubles yesterday.

"It is an indisputable fact that the percentage of young men looking forward to the ministry as their profession is decreasing," he writes. "Some of the elements contributing toward this alarming decrease may be indicated. One of these is the change in the relative standing of the ministry among the professions. The position of the minister has been steadily losing dignity and power, while the lawyer, physician, teacher, engineer and others have rapidly stepped to the front. The feeling that perfect liberty of thought and expression is prohibited in a great measure the pulpits hinders many young men from preparing themselves to serve the church. Furthermore, inadequate salaries tend more than anything else to diminish the influence and importance of the minister in the social and civic life of the community."

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS NOT RELIGIOUS.

According to a Chicago woman, Uncle Sam's soldiers doing service in the Philippines are not religious. She advertised for all kinds of reading matter to ship across the ocean to the soldiers, but now says it's no use to send them pious stuff. Neither officers nor men read it. They want something more elevating than religious literature. Listen what this woman says:

"When I advertised for reading matter to send the soldiers I expected the woman to overdo the thing, and send a lot of woman's journals and religious papers. I thought it would be nice to send them the religious literature and so I tried the experiment, but it was a complete failure. The soldiers in the Philippines are moral but they are not religious. It's no use to send them such literature, they won't read it."

Preacher in the Tolls.

An Indianapolis preacher swiped his wife across the head with a skillet because she wouldn't cook bread for him. He said the Lord told him to strike her. But the judge couldn't see it that way and sent him to the work house for six months. This is the first real work that preacher has ever done. If I was the Lord I wouldn't stand for all these jack-leg preachers attributing all their little mean tricks to me.

"READING DOG FENNEL. THE SECOND TIME."

Norway, Kansas, Feb. 21, 05. Dear Brothers, Moore and Hughes. I enclose one "In God we trust" for which send the B. G. B. to J. A. Nelson, Norway, Kansas.

I am reading Dog Fennel, the second time, with as much interest as I did the first time.

We have had a severe winter, the thermometer going 23 degrees below. If I got out of this world alive, I have made up my mind that I am going where they don't shovel snow.—W. SCOTT.

Help prepaid Freehought by sending in a club of subscribers.

home about 1950.